THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO. PUBLISHERS.

NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET.

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXII. PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 27, 1842. WHOLE NO. 1100.

Original Novel.

THE OLD LOYALIST.

A Tale of the American Revolution.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "LEAVES FROM A LAWYER'S PORT FOLIO."

"To write in such a manner wise,
Which may be wisdom to the wise,
And play to them that list to play."—*Gower.*

CHAPTER XIII.

"Here stands the victim."—*The Woodman.*
"Tis but a single murder."—*Fatal Curiosity.*

In one of those old-fashioned, wainscotted apartments which are yet to be seen in antique houses, Stanley walked to and fro, as if disturbed in thought, the morning after the capture of Ernest. The brow of the English captain was knit, and his appearance betokened that he had been a stranger to repose, unless, perhaps, for a short interval, during the preceding night. He had, in truth, been kept awake by the conflict of his passions, arising from the opposing motives which influenced him in the disposition of his prisoner, for while prudence, as well as a sense of duty urged him to forward Ernest to head quarters, his hatred incited him to seize the present moment, and avenge himself by the death of his rival. Stanley was not without some feelings of honor; but, in the present case, he was smarting under the consciousness of the exposure of his villainy at the interview between Ernest and Col. Harcourt on the preceding day, a fact of which his emissary had, as we have seen, informed him. The temptation, therefore, to wreak condign and speedy vengeance on his rival was scarcely to be resisted, fraught though the act would be with danger to himself. Still, however, Stanley paused before he determined, but the fear that Ernest, if sent to head quarters might, by some possibility, escape, and the desire to glut his vengeance over the dying agonies of his rival, finally prevailed over the dictates of prudence and the faint whisperings of conscience. The struggle, however, consumed nearly the whole night, and when long after midnight Stanley threw himself on his couch, sleep fled from his pillow, or came attended by frightful dreams, from which he awoke in horror. Shuddering at the vague terrors of his disordered brain, he hesitated whether he should not retract his resolution, but his evil genius prevailed, and, with a sneer at his want of firmness, he said,

"What! shall a sick dream rob me of my rival's blood?—no, by heaven! he dies!" and he struck the table with his clenched hand. "He has crossed me in

[...]

not, nor did a single tone of his voice falter as he replied,

"All this you can, perhaps, do; but you never will."

"Why not? By heaven and earth," and he spoke hurriedly and passionately, "why will I not do this?"

"Because it would be against all military law—because it would be a base and dishonorable murder—and because three days ago I had you in range of my musket, and disdained to take your life at such advantage."

"Now, by the God above us," said Stanley, inflamed to double fury by the calm tone of the speaker, and by the allusion to their meeting on the battle field at Germantown, "Now, by the God above us, you have brought on yourself your fate. Do you dare here to taunt me with your cold-blooded attempt at assassination—do you talk foul treason in my presence! Murder will your punishment be forsooth!—then murder let it be; but murder or not, it shall be inflicted on you forthwith. You are a spy, and shall die the death of a spy. I give you five minutes," and he drew forth his watch and laid it on the table, "to prepare for your doom."

Even the subordinates of Stanley, hardened as they were to scenes of wanton outrage, started and looked incredulously into each others faces, as if surprised out of all disguise at the murder contemplated in these words. Ernest heard his sentence pronounced with astonishment and indignation, but he knew that his rival's eye was on him, and he proudly checked every outward manifestation of emotion. But he did not, therefore, cease to feel. No one in the full flush of health and hope, can hear that he has but a few minutes to live, without many and various sensations. Ernest's whole life seemed to pass in swift array before him—his infancy, his boyhood, his early love, his alienation from his father; hope and fear, emotion and despair; every event and feeling that had chequered his existence, rushed vividly across his memory. In that moment he lived an age. But the bitterest thought of all was that he should be deprived of even the melancholy pleasure of writing a farewell to Edith; and, as this reflection crossed his mind, his fortitude almost gave way; but catching the eye of Stanley fixed in triumph on him, he looked proudly up and was himself again. For a space, during which one might have counted ten seconds, or a pin been heard to drop on the floor, he continued that stern, defying gaze, until the eye of his rival fell before his own, when, looking around the room, and drawing himself loftily up, he said,

"I take you all to witness—enemies though you be by the laws of war, yet still brothers by the ties of blood and nature—that I die a death of foul wrong. As an American officer, taken with arms in my hands, and wearing my uniform undisguised, I claim the rights and immunities of a prisoner of war—or, if I am to be regarded as a spy—against which I protest—I demand to be sent forward to head-quarters and tried by a proper court martial—"

[...]

From the Magazines.

PAULINE BUTLER.

A Tale.

FROM THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, FOR AUGUST.

CHAPTER I.

In an old-fashioned and venerable looking mansion, in one of the most deserted streets of Toulouse, sat a young man, of some eight-and-twenty or thirty years of age. His figure was tall, his eye was quick, and his whole air bespoke the soldier, as well as the dark and up-curled moustache that graced his upper lip. Beside him, on a sofa, a fair and lovely girl was seated, whose hands he held firmly clasped within his own. Both were silent and motionless, and evinced, in their attitude of anxious watching, a state of thrilling expectancy.

Suddenly a slight noise was heard, and then more distinctly the wheels of a carriage at a distance. At the sound they both started; and the young girl, suddenly disengaging her hands, rose and darted with one bound to the window, and looked out with a mingled expression of hope and joy, and even fear, upon her beautiful and girlish face.

In a moment after, the carriage, instead of approaching, seemed to take another direction, and all was again silent. The young girl, disappointed, returned to her seat, and, sighing deeply, said—

"I was again wrong—this was not the carriage we wished for, Ferdinand; your mother will not come; she does not wish to see me."

He to whom these words were addressed, smiled, and, kissing her forehead, while he endeavored in vain to appear angry, said—

"Pauline, you are very silly."

There was a moment's silence, and then she said—

"Well, Ferdinand, would you like me to tell you a secret? There are times I wish your mother would not come—I am afraid of her, dear Ferdinand."

"Foolish child! have I not told you a hundred times of her goodness and indulgence?"

"Yes, for childish faults; but a marriage, Ferdinand, and a marriage without her consent."

"But do you forget she has forgiven, and is coming to us."

"It is just that I cannot believe—that the proud, rich, haughty Marquise de Livry, whose son might have won the noblest in the land, should come to see me; *me*——"

"Hold your tongue, Pauline," interrupted quickly the young man; when my mother has seen you, she will approve of my choice, I am sure."

"God grant it, Ferdinand. Your mother has such influence upon you, our whole happiness depends upon her opinion of me."

"Saucy one, do you think I should love you less?"

"No, no! never speak of that; but, Ferdinand, read to me again your mother's last letter, sending her pardon, and promise to come to us. I wish to hear it again, to be sure that it is quite true."

"If you wish it, Pauline, we will read it together."

So saying, M. de Livry opened his writing desk, and took out the precious letter; and putting his arm round

[...]

Pauline looked at her husband; and upon a sign from him determined to speak.

"Madame la Marquise," murmured she in a low voice, "you know ——"

"I know nothing," replied the inquisitive old lady.

The young girl, suppressing a deep sigh by an effort, thus began—

"M. de Livry has already told you that I am of low birth. My father's family were farmers of La Marche, in Lorraine. At eighteen he himself enlisted; but, alas! madame, it was to serve in a cause against which M. de Livry fought. If it was wrong, in your opinion, do not blame me; I am innocent of it."

"Do not think me so unjust," said the Marquise gently.

"In 1814," continued Pauline, "my father was a lieutenant-colonel, and an officer of the 'legion d'honneur.' He wished to leave the service, and obtained a small pension. 1815 arrived, and with 1815 came the emperor. On learning the return of his benefactor, my father girded on his sword, and—I do not know how to tell you—he was one of the first to join Napoleon. What would you have him do? France was mad. Alas! the star of the great captain had set, and the life of the faithful soldier was lost on the same day. My father was killed at Waterloo; my mother, bowed down with grief, soon followed him; and I, almost a baby, then obtained admission into the royal school of Saint Denis, through the interest of some of my father's friends. I was there ten years—ten years that passed like a dream. I had friends—I was happy. When I left it I was alone in the world—alone, I am wrong; I had an aunt; but she was as poor as myself, and we were in the greatest poverty, when ——"

At this part of her story a deep blush spread over her face, and she seemed overwhelmed by some painful recollection.

"Well," cried the Marquise, with astonishment, "go on. When, you said."

The Comte de Livry, who had followed with evident emotion every word his wife uttered, was pale and agitated; but when he perceived that Pauline had ceased to speak, he became red, and cried with impetuosity—

"You see, mother, I was right to tell you that Pauline was timid. At any rate, it was a most unhappy period in her life, and you can well imagine, the remembrance of it is most painful to her! Just then an old friend of her father's spoke of her to the Duchess of L———, who required a governess for her daughters. Pauline was engaged, and in a little time after quitted France for England. Is it not so, Pauline?"

Pauline bowed her head and muttered something quite unintelligible, but inwardly thanked her husband for inventing a falsehood for her, which she would not have dared to do for herself.

M. de Livry continued—

"It was at L——— House, where I was on a visit, that I first met her. You know, mother, that I should have left England to visit Germany and Italy; but do you blame me, now that I had lost all inclination to travel?—do you pardon me now for my marriage?"

"I forgive all," said the Marquise, taking Pauline's hand. "I only require my daughter-in-law to be distinguished by virtue: as for rank, you have enough for both; and now that all is explained, there is another person I must see."

"Who?" stammered Monsieur and Madame de Livry

[...]

"Your voice is quite changed, and you look as if you had been crying."

"Oh, no, no, said Pauline blushing deeply.

"Whatever it is, my child, I will not have you alone. Ferdinand can go with those ladies, while I remain with you."

"Thank you, mamma—thank you," replied Pauline, imperiously. "I should be so sorry to prevent a meeting! The watcher is charming. I think I should become mad, if I did not use my privilege to arrive."

"I agree with my wife," added Ferdinand, looking at Pauline coldly and steadily "it is a terrible way to attract notice—you could not, accept truly. Is it not so?"

"Ferdinand," said Pauline timidly, "I do not quite understand you. If you think my absence would be wrong—that I ought to go—if you wish it—if you insist upon it——"

"If I insist upon it!" interrupted M. de Livry, with bitterness. "You know I have never insisted upon any thing, Pauline; and it is not when you are ill I would begin."

"I know," said Pauline mildly, "you are always kind to me. Believe me, I did not mean to vex you."

"Mother," said Ferdinand coldly, "we must not be uneasy about leaving Pauline; her illness is not very alarming—and the ladies are waiting."

"You really wish I should leave you?" said the Marquise, holding out her hand to Pauline.

"I wish it," replied Pauline, with an indefinable expression;—"I entreat it."

"Take good care of yourself, love, in our absence, and be quite well on our return."

Ferdinand, contrary to his custom, left the room without speaking to her, though evidently not without a struggle. Pauline looked at him reproachfully, and, when the door was shut, she watched at the window until they drove off, and then fell back upon the couch, and—

Glad forgive me for having entered.

At that moment twelve o'clock struck, and her door opened slowly and noiselessly.

CHAPTER IV.

The person who entered the room was Madame de Meinnert, of whom the reader already knows a little.

"I watched for your husband's going out, dear Pauline; but tell me how you feel?"

"I do not know," replied Madame de Livry, who, on hearing the door open, had jumped up suddenly, as if upon her bed in wild. "I am so glad you have come to me. He was so uneasy, and do not leave me."

"Poor Pauline—what an event!"

"Is it not something unheard of—is it not something too dreadful? It is a miracle how I supported the presence of that man who so much frightens me."

"But the papers—the official letters, all announced the death——"

"If I had not had the most convincing proofs of it, do you think I should ever have received it?"

I see the difficulty of your position, if M. de Livry should know——"

"He knew! Do not make me desperate, Fanny;—do not make me lose the little reason I have."

"What did he say in the note I gave you yesterday evening?"

"Oh, the note!—I learned it immediately, alas! Ferdinand should see it. It was very short—it spoke to me on to-day. He knows there was an excursion planned for the evening, had learned my accidental meeting, but need my husband. There was also a postscript, in which he said I was to ask in seeing him, as he had changed his mind, and his visit would be one of civility. You see, Fanny, I have done all. But what can he want with me? Has he not already done me murdered enough?"

"I hope you are resolved to see him."

"Me! Oh, no! That is the reason I wrote to you in the morning; I reckoned upon your friendship, Fanny."

"What can I do for you?"

"Receive him instead of me."

"What shall I say to him?"

"I care? Notwithstanding all they say, I believe him to be an honest man,—I wish to believe it, at least. Tell him that he has treated me cruelly, and that like some one, but that if Ferdinand knew he still lived, happiness for me would be for ever gone, and I could not live. Tell him—but Fanny, you are a woman,—you are kind —you pity me—you love me. Tell him all that one never tells—all that can touch his heart. Ask for money, in my name: for, when Ferdinand's taking, half of my life, depends on it, I must not be proud."

"Dear Pauline, be calm: I will try to have courage."

At this moment there was a loud knock at the hall door; Madame de Meinnert sprang to the window, and the knocker seemed to have smote her heart. She turned round, and, seeing Pauline's face as white as her own, Madame de Meinnert was terrified.

"Stay, Pauline," said she; "you had better receive your visitor. He will see how you suffer, and may still pity you."

"Oh, no, no!" cried Madame de Livry, "not till I am formed. Nothing but force, Fanny, could make me see that man."

A servant entered and said—

"M. de Fontenay wishes to know if he can see Madame de Livry?"

"Have him up again," said Pauline, in a voice scarcely attentive, and as the servant left the room, she threw herself into Madame de Meinnert's arms.

"Fanny—my own Fanny," said she, overpowered, "I have no hope but in you; I will send forward my letters, and—if it be possible that he leave me still—prove how in the name of love to leave him in peace."

"He is coming up stairs—I hear him," replied Madame de Meinnert, quickly.

Pauline uttered a faint cry, and fled.

At the same moment the servant announced M. de Fontenay. He did not seem surprised at not finding Pauline in the room when he entered, being well accustomed to conceal all his emotions. But when Madame de Meinnert rose, somewhat disconcerted, and looking confused, she had begged her to receive him in her stead, he replied in his usual sweet manner—

"At any other time I should be delighted to play the galant, and tell you I was most happy to see you in the place of Madame de Livry, but to-day I am obliged to be candid,—and it is Madame de Livry I must speak with."

The dry tone in which he said this, disconcerted Madame de Meinnert for a moment, but she commanded Pauline's position, and replied with dignity —

"Monsieur de Fontenay, or rather Monsieur D'Herbemont,—for before me you may let aside your assumed name,—do you think to what danger you expose Pauline's position, by coming to her house ?"

He resumed his chevalier slightly, and replied in the coolest manner—

"Madame de Meinnert, or rather, Fanny Melville,—for before me you may resume your name,—can you tell me what has become of Lord Falconbridge, the partner of a brother at the opera ?"

She to whom this question was addressed did not seem in the least embarrassed, but answered smartly —

"Lord Falconbridge has got a high appointment in India, but before going, settled a pension of a thousand a year on a person who was most sincerely sorry to lose him. But to return to Pauline, will you tell me frankly the meaning of your visit?"

"And," added the trumpeting M. de Fontenay, "the person to whom Lord F——— may not have refused, would not speak of a husband she had left—there—somewhere—on the Continent? Why did she not return to him?"

It was clear she was about to do, when a misfortune prevented her.

"What!"

"Her poor husband."

"Well?"

"He died."

"Then there really was such a person ?"

"Sir!"

"Do not be angry. You ask me questions—I ask you others;—is there sex here in this ?"

"Yes; you do not intend to answer me ?"

"Certainly not."

"One word at least—yes or no—would you run Pauline ?"

"No—that is to say, if I see her, and she will do what I want, I have Pauline to-morrow, and she shall never see me again."

"If she will not refuse, madame,—and that shall, to which you have no necessity, which appears to be a question close, I condescend to say will open immediately."

Madame de Meinnert, who had seen the last words the door was opened violently, and Pauline entered, pale, but dignified.

"I do not refuse," replied D'Herbemont, bowing lowly, "I was as good a prophet."

"And I did not suppose you were so cruel." Then turning to Madame de Meinnert, she said——

"Thank you, dear Fanny, for all your affection. You are a good and faithful friend."

Madame de Meinnert took Pauline's hand, and pressed it warmly, and then turning to the man who had treated her so contemptuously, she said proudly ——

"Monsieur D'Herbemont, I thought you were a gentleman," and left the room.

Pauline, whose whole conveyed him, or that it is impossible for a man who has ever modestly loved a woman, to meet her again with confidence, though he no longer loves her, I know not, but D'Herbemont had lost all his firmness, and Pauline was obliged to break the silence.

"Well, sir, what do you want with me ?"

"Pauline," exasperated he, in a stifled voice.

"Sir, I am ill, and more particularly so when you, sir, I am Madame de Livry. May I beg you to remember it."

"Madame de Livry,—she it somewhat better me, it is not set forth that you have not another name; and when you have proved that, you will be less proud—but I am on the rack——"

"Sir, if I had taken your name, I should have compassion for it, so I do now the one I bear. But speak; you are ill ?"

"I beg your pardon. If I have not been as prompt to explain myself as you are impatient to hear me, it was that I might be more calm, and feel deeply."

"Many—I have many—and will not at once the reason of your visit."

"I cannot tell you without making allowance to circumstances which you have forbidden me to recount you of."

"I did not forbid you, sir, I begged you to spare me, if you have not generosity enough to do so, go on."

"No, madame, you forbid me to speak. I will speak of myself. I am peculiar myself to remark you; but I cannot agree up my mind on the only fact that remains to me in the world. You must feel I wish to speak of my son." And Madame de Livry lost her head, and the last fact in her hands, he continued ——"You should have told me that you were about to become a mother, to demand your judgment, except for the future welfare of my son."

Pauline looked up, and now, less severely than before, said——

"If it was love for your son that brought you, I have pity on you strong,—forgive me. The child is happy, thank God! and his future welfare provided for by a second dead, made by M. de Livry, acknowledging him when he married me, consequently, he is the legitimate inheritor of his property and his name."

"His name!" cried D'Herbemont, impetuously. "What is it you say? What right had you to deprive him of your name, as all the English papers informed the report of my death,—and you were free; but my son—by what power have you disposed of him? He belongs to me, and I have come to claim him."

Pauline remained stupified for some instants after these terrible words, and then cried in a voice scarcely audible——

"To demand him! You come to demand my son ? You, madam," replied D'Herbemont, who had regained all his coolness——

"But you have not understood what I told you," said the unhappy mother. "Paul is the son of M. de Livry, by his second—legal husband, and great pain has my and his fortune."

"M. de Livry can do as he pleases, but I am not bound by his acts. His rights, which are but those of legitimate possession, are nothing before my rights. Am I not the fruit of that union ?—Give him to you, sir—you, whose real name might be known at any moment ?" To tell all—to confess all ! will not speak of the cruelty of ruining a woman who has been doing so! Do you know what you have been doing so? Do you not speak to me of your love—I do not believe in it. Do you speak to me of remorse, for it is to him you owe it more cruel. You would take him from a certain position, to give him, instead, a poor, uncertain, miserable existence! To frightful! Excuse yourself, if you can, sir.—Can do so with one word. You are claiming your child, I can secure more to him than I take from him."

"Explain yourself, then—I see that I am in torture."

"As clearly as I can, madame; like you, I wish to have it ended. You have often heard me speak of my son, and you know how I love him."

"Yes, yes."

"My uncle is enormously rich, and I should be but best, but unfortunately he is prejudiced against me, and has attempted, by every means in his power, to make me says I did my own; and it was only on revoking the will in favour of my son, and on his taking the name of my uncle, that he has consented to make his will. This arrangement suits me: it satisfies his caprice, and is to my interest. My son will be my uncle's heir, but, until his majority, I shall have the power of a father, and can secure more to him than I take from him."

"Explain further, sir—I see that I am in torture."

"As clearly as I can, madame; like you, I wish to have it ended. You have often heard me speak of my son, and you know how I love him."

"Yes, yes."

"My uncle is enormously rich, and I should be but best, but unfortunately he is prejudiced against me, and has attempted, by every means in his power, to make my says I did my own; and it was only on revoking the will in favour of my son, and on his taking the name of my uncle, that he has consented to make his will. This arrangement suits me: it satisfies his caprice, and is to my interest. My son will be my uncle's heir, but, until his majority, I shall have the power of a father, and can secure more to him than I take from him."

"Explain further, sir—I see that I am in torture."

"Madame——"

"But I will not be an accomplice in this, as I have been in many others. Never—never!"

Here there was a silence of some instants. Pauline, who had risen impetuously, sank back upon the arm-chair, at the end of the room, and D'Herbemont, accustomed to wait for a moment, continued, in the hesitational coolness, but, quickly regaining command over himself, he approached Madame de Livry, and striking upon her his steady and penetrating look, he pronounced, in a slow and low tone, the following words:

"Pauline, mind what you are about—we change places. Hitherto I have been at your feet, at your power. Understand a little better your position. This is my son, I shall have it—I am sure of the means of the school where my son is: with that, I shall go and get him, and I shall not return. I have a name and rank to ascend. You can make fitting excuses to account for the child's absence, and the position you fear so much is fully to Madame de Livry, he said in a low but firm tone.

"You still have some hours to deliberate."

Pauline's head began to grow giddy, and her countenance became deadly. When she began to recover a little she remembered the dreadful threat contained in his last words, and, in the hope of softening him, exclaimed—"*If M. de Livry.*" She knew that if M. de Livry was aware that D'Herbemont still lived, and with such a claim on her, he would not have one night's repose, and only in a duel. She had no choice—she must give up her son to the stranger, or expose to him a happy husband, appeared to strike her, for she rushed to the table, and began to write with great rapidity.

"Sir," cowered to part with my son, but on one condition, which I am sure you will not hesitate to grant me."

Madame de Livry held out her hand to him to taken the paper, which he took, and read it twice over, while she murmured humbly——

"He cannot be a monster! I may yet be happy."

In her misery as a wife, Pauline forgot she was a mother; and that the child was dearer to her than even a close, could not and without her relinquishing to M. de Fontenay a blessing still dearer to a woman that herself.

CHAPTER VI.

The place which Pauline occupied in a dark corner of the room, and the attitude she had assumed, favoured the return of her husband, and running gaily to the door, he cried——

"Back already. I am so glad,

"Not so much as you may," replied La Marquise. "Ferdinand was so anxious to return on your account. Is she better?"

"Much better."

"I am glad to hear it. Do you know the news I received on our return? My friend, Madame de Lostenges, whom you have never seen, arrived there in the course of the day, I do not receive the letter I have forwarded. I shall see her now quite enough, and will then you throw yourself at my feet; and do you remember what you are to say?"

"Oh, one can forget most fall!" cried Pauline, as from her chair, and running to D'Herbemont; but slowly he was at the door, which was open, and, without replying to Madame de Livry, he said in a low but firm tone——

"You still have some hours to deliberate."

Pauline's head began to grow giddy, and her countenance became deadly. When she began to recover a little she remembered the dreadful threat contained in his last words, and, in the hope of softening him, exclaimed—"*If M. de Livry.*" She knew that if M. de Livry was aware that D'Herbemont still lived, and with such a claim on her, he would not have one night's repose, and only in a duel. She had no choice—she must give up her son to the stranger, or expose to him a happy husband, appeared to strike her, for she rushed to the table, and began to write with great rapidity.

"Sir," cowered to part with my son, but on one condition, which I am sure you will not hesitate to grant me."

Madame de Livry held out her hand to him to taken the paper, which he took, and read it twice over, while she murmured humbly——

"He cannot be a monster! I may yet be happy."

In her misery as a wife, Pauline forgot she was a mother, and that the child was dearer to her than even a close, could not and without her relinquishing to M. de Fontenay a blessing still dearer to a woman that herself.

CHAPTER VI.

"The sun was setting in full glory and majesty behind the woods of Meinnert, when Madame de Livry, all in white, wrapped in a large shawl, and carefully veiled, left the house, and, avoiding the high road, which was traversed hastily but hastily, various streets, at last stopped before a humble cottage, which was the object for course herself she was unobserved, entered quickly the house, and would, in a few seconds, have fled in the arms of Fontenay.

"M. de Fontenay is gone out," replied the porter.

"Out!" replied the unknown, who was obliged to lean against the wall to prevent herself falling.

"Yes, madame; but if you would wish to wait——"

"I will wait!" said the lady, firmly.

A servant passing at this moment, the porter desired him to show the stranger into M. de Fontenay's study.

"You must, of course, mother, ask her to come to us."

"And that your solitude may not be disturbed, and it not be well that one of you should come with me."

"I will," said Pauline, and once Pauline at such moment she will go with you."

"Excuse us," said Pauline; "but I have something to do."

"Oh," said M. de Livry, in the most natural manner, perhaps a letter begun. I will not disturb you, and writing when we came in; but it will be time enough when you retire."

"Ferdinand," murmured Pauline tremblingly.

"Madame," added Mrs. Ferdinand, "is now your company my mother; and on your return I must beg a moment's conversation with you."

Pauline looked timidly at her husband; but though with a trembling hand and disconcerted appearance of countenance. She gave her arm to the Marquise, and went out of the room.

Left to himself, M. de Livry commenced walking up and down the room in a state of great agitation. He had not done so more than three or four times, when he was suddenly stopped by Pauline, who entered at the moment looking more southern, more morose, and more bloodthirsty than ever.

"What do you want?" said Ferdinand, with a disturbed countenance.

"My dear fellow," said he, putting his finger on his mouth mysteriously, "I have come to——"

"Speak—I beg you—you can no longer."

"What things! Speak—go on—can't you speak, then?"

"Let me recover myself a little; I am wounded. Your mother was quite right when she advised me not to speak. I am wounded—I am ill. She is correct. She is a prophet."

"You have, then, fresh cause for anger——"

"Have I? Have I not?" replied Clodion, with a great agitation. "You will not say now that I am blinded by jealousy. When I left you this morning I believed that I had been deceived, and I returned—I wished to see her—to speak to her—to reproach her for her deceit—to tell her that I knew all, and, when I saw her, I had a headache. You know what a headache means when I am angry."

"Well, and then."

"And then—madame, but suspecting it to be an excuse, I went to a friend's (not opposite and remained there for an hour, when I left, and was only going to my own house, when I was met by a man who told me that Madame de Meinnert gave me—your name, should not be known at any one. The letter was written in a hand which

SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1,25 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to *frank* their letters addressed to us. The word "*free*" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, *free of postage*, in advance, will be entitled to six copies.

Removals must always state the Post-office *removed from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Some time has elapsed since we opened our budget, for the warm weather exercises a wonderfully mollifying influence on one; but the longer the score the more it takes to pay off, so, with a right good will we begin.

"Mesmerin" is accepted, and shall shortly appear.

The stanzas promised to our young friend this week, are postponed until our next paper, in consequence of the press of original matter and selections from the late English Magazines.

"Crambo," who does "so wish to see himself in print" shall be gratified. We call the attention of the curious to his production. If it don't bring tears into our readers' eyes it will be strange, passing strange. Hear it.

"There was a maiden all forlorn,
A mourning for her lover gone—
At early dawn, she rose to go
And seek her lover in the snow,
She had no cloak to keep her warm,
And shield her from the coming storm—
So off she went in a thin gown—
And hunted him all over town."

And so forth to the end of the chapter. It reminds us of the old rhyme,

"Jiggery, jiggery, jiggamaree,
The lion has come unto Philadelphy."

We like "A Ploughboy,"—there is a freshness about his verses that charms us. They are, however, too disdainful of the fetters of rhyme to look well in print. But the spirit is in him: he has only to cultivate art and he will succeed.

The piece entitled "Acrostical" has meritorious lines, but as a whole would scarcely win added smiles from the writer's lady-love. We give the best stanzas.

"Ah! I will sigh to those sweet smiles
Light'ning 'neath thy soul lit eye,
Like summer flash on pearly isles,
Emblazon'd on a twilight sky."

The fine story "Adrian Doria," which has been waiting the conclusion of "The Old Loyalist," will shortly appear.

From a poem entitled "Thoughts on the Past, Present, and Future," we have derived much amusement. The author graphically describes his school-boy days. Thus:

"I remember well one game
It was Shinné by name
When they put down the ball
Then with a very loud call
At it each one struck, and ran
There, one James Stevenson
He did let his club fly
And hit my brother's eye
Which caused him so much pain
He never play'd again
Thus, in play, we, may see
Youth's not from danger free."

The last two lines of moral reflections are particularly rich. Here is a bit of philosophy:

"Minds of youths various
As the form of the face
That proves the doctrin true
All have their work to do."

The author asks us to punctuate for him, as he is not quite an adept yet? We think we have given sufficient *point* to his rhymes, at any rate, we have put *a stop* to them.

The Nut Cracker.

The Boston Transcript has now and then a good thing in it. It lately gave directions for writing poetry to sweethearts. The manner was this, "To begin, then, take from old newspapers old poetry, original and selected, and you will then be in possession of a good stock of words, additions to which may be obtained from Walker's abridgment. Should you find any two words sound tolerably near alike each other, place one under the other, on the right hand of the paper, thus:

poke.
smoke.

You will find but little difficulty in filling up the lines with the usual sentimental phrase.

Dear girl, in your eye my finger I—spoke
To show by the spark (or smart) that my flame's not all [smoke.

Should the lines limp a little by one having a shorter leg than its neighbor, you may dock it by abbreviation, or elongate it by interjection or repetition, thus:

Oh! Sophia, Sophia, Sophia, O!
A pain I've got in my big toe!
O, thunder—O, lightning—ah! O!

Poetry is measured by the foot, as calico is by the yard. Two syllables make a foot of poetry, and three feet make a yard of calico. In writing very long lines, care must be observed to count the syllables of each line on the fingers, so that in reading, it may come "trippingly off," like the revolution of a grindstone, or the sound produced by a steam sawmill, thus:

Dear maid (I've long) courted (you be) side of (the brook,)
And (am) deter (mined on) having (you by) hook or (by crook.)

This is *decidedly* rich, and we commend it to all love-stricken swains.

Maffit, who, with much bombast, is often really eloquent, is the author of the following passage. Would that he always wrote thus: "Intellect is an enchanter. Long years after loved friends are entombed, the wand of memory waves over the chill vaults of the sepulchre, and the dead start into life; pale, petrified, passionless as the seraphs, their sweet faces beam again upon us. The fragrance of their spirit breath stirs in their time-bleached locks; their thrilling kisses are again on our lips. With their spirits our spirits again mingle in a better fraternity of feeling than ever bound us before. We invest them with transcendant beauty! they are now lovelier than the Queens of this world, the bosoms throb upon ours with better sympathy; their eyes look deep into ours, with exceeding love. Strange intellectual power! What a contrast of spirit with spirit! What a re-union between the severed! Can it be possible that in this spirit dialogue, but one spirit has a part, answering itself, and creating but an imaginary bliss? No—no. Intellect has a voice that can summon its loved from the spirit world. In the arms of my soul, I may, with a due submission, to the great father of spirits, clasp the spirit of my dead. Again upon my heart can I lay the spirit babe to whom I sobbed farewell long years gone by. Not only in the arms of my fancy, but really, and indeed, in intellectual affinity, may I embrace my sweet departed daughter, whose angel spirit in life pined for my happiness, and whose last accents, as her tongue froze in death, murmured my name."

We never met with a better illustration of "the biter bit" than in the following story of a Yankee captain and his mate. Whenever there was plum pudding made by the captain's orders, all the plums were put into one end of it, and that end placed next to the captain, who, after helping himself, passed it to the mate, who never found any plums in his part of it. Well, after this game had been played for some time, the mate prevailed on the steward to place the end which had no plums in it next to the captain. The captain no sooner saw the pudding than he discovered that he had the wrong end of it. Picking up the dish, and turning in his hands, as if merely examining the China, he said—"this dish cost me two shillings in Liverpool,"—and put it down again, as though without design, with the *plum* end next to himself. "Is it possible," said the mate taking up the dish—"I shouldn't suppose it was worth more than a shilling,"—and, as if in perfect innocence, he put down the dish with the plum end next to himself. The captain looked at the mate—the mate looked at the captain. The captain laughed—the mate laughed. "I tell you what, young one," said the captain, "you've found me out, so we'll just cut the pudding lengthwise this time, and have the plums fairly distributed hereafter."

The Major, of the Germantown Telegraph, has grown modest of late. Hear him.

"We thank our Moorland Friend, for his flattering opinion of the Telegraph and our feeble efforts. We consider it a duty to uphold merit wherever it may exist—and that is the object of this paragraph."

This was all written after the Major's trip to Cape May. He was greatly mortified, we learn, when he found that the *devil* had spoiled the point of his joke, by splitting it.

The Farmers' and Mechanics' Journal of Gettysburg (a good paper by the bye) has the following pithy sentence in one of its editorials. There is more sound sense in these few words than most Congressional speakers can compress into a three day's oration. We fully endorse the sentiment, "it is high time for the plain people of the country to take the management of their own affairs into their own hands, and elect men from their own ranks to represent them—men who will legislate for the public good instead of the good of their party."

Passengers are now carried to the top of the Bunker Hill Monument in chairs, hoisted by steam. "*Sich a gittin up stairs we never did see.*"

Love poetry is just now very popular with young ladies in their teens, and Tom Moore's songs and tales are read by romantic young men at all the pic-nics. One of the western editors has lately been favored with an original love poem, addressed to himself—the lucky dog! Accompanying the lines was a lock of hair. As the poem is short, we give it entire.

"This lock of hare
I once did ware,
But now I trust it to your care,
And if we no more each other se,
Then look at this, and think on me."

Who could resist such love-making? Not an editor, especially if he was a bachelor,—to that we are willing to be qualified, as they say at the squire's office. Our editorial brother felt a sort of dizziness in the head, and a choking in the throat, while his heart went like a forge hammer. He couldn't rest until he indited and printed the following:

"Who you are
That sent that hair,
I oughter had to, but I don't care.
I don't know you, tho' you know me,
But I'll try to think, if I don't blow me."

An English paper says that the town of Rhode Island has been disturbed by rebellion, in consequence of which two or three hundred rebels were publicly executed. The denizens of Providence, and "along shore" will receive this with becoming thankfulness. It will be news to them.

A country editor opens a political article with the following passage. "The battle is over:—the smoke clearing up—the victors rejoicing, and the defeated parties bearing off the dead and wounded. "Whizz!—whizz!!—whizz!!! "Take your time Miss Lucy."

We cut the following political pun from a country paper, not for the politics, but for the wit. "Why will the Whigs carry the next election?" asked one of another. "Don't know," was the reply. "Because all them in the long run must turn to *Clay*."

At a temperance festival in New Hampshire, the following witty but *intemperate* toast was given. The Hon. Thomas F. Marshall: The Washingtonians regret to find him a duellist.—*They wish he had aimed higher.*

Peaches are retailing in New York at three cents each. Hard times indeed!

Notices of New Works.

The Lady's World of Fashion, for September.—*C. J. Peterson, 98 Chesnut street.*—The number of this elegant and popular periodical for the ensuing month, is already on our table. The embellishments and contents are unusually rich. The first illustration is a splendid steel engraving, entitled "The Eastern Princess," and rarely have we seen a plate of more beautiful design, or executed in a higher style of art. The other illustration is a plate of colored fashions, representing three full, and three half length figures, and giving all the choice styles of the season. No periodical now extant rivals this magazine in the finish, and style with which the fashion plates are got up—the figures not being lithographed, but elaborately engraved, and colored with unusual taste. The original matter of the number shows a decided increase of merit in the contributors. We cannot, indeed, do better than give the contents.

Fashions for September, (*illustrated*); A Dirge; Velasco, or the Elopement, by A. W. Noney; The Faded Flower, by Edwin Eddison; Memory, by Mrs. G. Norman; The Eastern Princess, (*illustrated*,) by Mrs. Anne Ford; Remembrance; Lord Percy's Dream; Twilight; The Baron's Knell, by J. H. Dana; Enchantment, by E. J. Porter; Herbert Mordaunt, by George Haydn; Lines to the Evening Star; The Bridal Eve, by Harriet Bowles; The Broken Hearted, by J. Tomlin; Distinguished Strangers, by Gertrude Garland; Rosalie, by H. J. Vernon; Dreaming and Waking; The Young Member, by Mrs. M. V. Spencer; To a Lady, a Song; The Rose, by D. Everett Rose; What is Duty, by Ellen Ashton.

The high terms in which this Magazine has been spoken of by the press, and the rapidly increasing circulation has determined the publisher, we understand, to renewed exertions; and he has now in *hand a series of magnificent mezzotints*—which will be given to his subscribers, beginning in October.

A Walk about Zion.—*By Rev. John A. Clark, D.D. Rector of St. Andrew's Church, Philadelphia.*—We have before us, from the press of Robert Carter, of New York, the *fifth* edition of this admirable work, revived and enlarged by the author. It is written in a truly liberal and catholic spirit,—and we know of no volume of a religious character that will interest more deeply the general reader, or be productive of more advantage. It is printed in that style of neatness and correctness which distinguishes all Mr. Carter's publications.—H. Hooker, Philadelphia publisher.

The Book of Cage Birds.—Mr. Bernard Duke, No. 117 Chesnut street, has just published an elegant duodecimo volume, under this title, which will become at once universally popular with those who keep feathered minstrels in their houses. It contains directions for their treatment, anecdotes, &c., and poetry from the pens of David Paul Brown, Henry B. Hirst, Robert Morris, Francis Cosby, Mr. Duke, and other well-known bards.

The Disowned, *by Sir E. L. Bulwer.*—A handsome edition of this novel, with an engraving, has been published by the Harpers' and may be had of Burgess, 3 Ledger Buildings, for twenty-five cents.

Hungarian Tales and Legends, *by Miss Pardoe.*—This is an excellent collection of tales, and may be had of Burgess for twelve and a half cents.

Army & Navy.

☞ The following Brevets have been conferred by the President and Senate:—Col. W. J. Worth of the 8th Reg't of Inf., to be Brigadier General from 1st March, 1842. Capt. W. W. Morris 4th Reg't of Art., to be Major from 27th January, 1837. Capt. Robert Anderson, 3d Reg't of Art., to be Captain from 2d April, 1838. Capt. F. Searle, to be Major from 25th November, 1839. Capt. J. R. Irwin to be Captain from 21st August, 1836. Capt. George Andrews 6th Reg't of Inf., to be Major from 25th December, 1837. 1st Lieut., J. F. Lee, of the Ord. Dept., to be Captain to date from the 27th January, 1837. 1st Lt., W. H. T. Walker, of the 6th Inf., to be 1st Lieutenant from the 25th December, 1837. 1st Lt. J. E. Johnson, Corps of Top. Engs., to be Capt. from 9th July, 1838. 1st Lt. W. Alburtin, of the 2d Reg't of Inf., to be Captain from 2d of March, 1841. 2d. Lt. D. S. Irwin, of the 3d Inf., to be 1st Lieutenant from 7th of September, 1841. All these Brevets are conferred for gallant conduct in the Florida War.

☞ Gen. Worth reports, under date of the 12th inst. the thorough pacification of Florida, Bowlegs, representing the Southern Indians, met the General at Tampa on the 5th inst., and agreed to the concessions offered him. On the 10th inst. he returned with Tiger-tail. They are all to pass within the designated limits as soon as they can be collected. Tiger-tail and others wish to go West. We suppose now it may be said the "Florida war is ended."

☞ Gen. Eustis, of the U. S. Army, is to command the sixth Military Department, comprising the States of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Maine. His Head Quarters are at Portland.

☞ The United States ship Vincennes, the flag ship of the Exploring Expedition, is undergoing repairs, her timbers having met with rough usage amid the storms of the Atlantic.

☞ The United States Steamship Mississippi arrived at Key West from New York, on the 6th inst., all well.

General News.

☞ The brig Harriet, that has just arrived at Baltimore, from the west coast of Africa, brings the report that on the 26th of April, the schooner Mary Carver, Farwell, of Plymouth, Me., was captured by the natives of Barbary, and the captain, mate and crew murdered, in consequence of a dispute with the natives and the captain. After the capture of the schooner, they informed the captain of their intention to kill him: when he implored them in vain to spare his life. They tied a large stone around his neck, conveyed him some distance from the shore, and then threw him into the sea. The captain, says the Baltimore Argus, has a wife and two children in some part of Massachusetts.

☞ The grand jury of New Orleans, in their presentment, regret that the laws of the State against duelling are so severe that they defeat their own purposes. They are of the opinion that if it were made a crime, punishable merely by imprisonment, and by obliging the survivor to support the family of the victim, the provisions against it would be effectual to its suppression. This doctrine contains a general principle which should never be lost sight of by legislators. It is the true remark of one of the oldest writers on law, that *certainty* and not *severity* of punishment is the best preventive of crime.

☞ A Mrs. Turk, residing near Rochester, was on Thursday morning so badly burnt that she is not expected to recover. She was cooking at the door, in a state of partial intoxication, when her clothes took fire, and, before assistance arrived, were entirely consumed, reducing almost the whole surface of the body to an entire crisp. Her husband was near by, but not in a situation to render her any assistance. Such are rum's doings.

☞ It is a singular fact, that next to Louisiana, Vermont is the greatest sugar producing State in the Union! The amount of *maple sugar* produced in 1840, was over 2,559 tons, being over 17¼ pounds to each inhabitant allowing a population of 291,948. At five cents a pound this is worth $255,963 20. The Montpelier Watchman states that this quantity is very far below that produced the present year, and thinks it may be safely estimated, that the sugar produced this season will, at the low price of five cents, be worth one million of dollars.

☞ It is confidently believed, in New Orleans, that an agency of the Bank of England has been established in that city, for the circulation of the notes of that institution, and that they already form, to some degree, a paper medium there. It is, moreover, pretty well ascertained that similar agencies are to be established in all the principal cities of the Union.

☞ The French Razee Frigate Circe, Capt. Ricard arrived in Hampton Roads on Thursday night, in distress. The Circe is from Kingston, Jamaica, bound to Port au Prince, but striking a rock in coming out of Kingston harbor, sprung a leak, and bore away for Norfolk, Va., to repair damages.

☞ In addition to the discoveries made in New Hampshire of crude arsenic, tin, iron, zinc and lead ores, the valuable ore of Titanium has been discovered in the towns of Merrimack and Unity. This article is said to be worth $16 per pound, wholesale, and is used by dentists and porcelain painters.

☞ The National Intelligencer of Monday, mentions the death of Isaac Rand Jackson, Esq., United States Charge at Denmark. Mr. J. was a citizen of Philadelphia, and highly respected by his numerous friends. He died at Copenhagen on the 27th July, after a sickness of three weeks.

☞ Lard oil is now used for almost all the purposes to which Sperm and Olive Oil have heretofore been applied, and with a large saving. It burns well in lamps, acts well on machinery of all sorts, on wool to be manufactured, and it is said sometimes gets upon sallads and is eaten.

☞ Padeu Sales, arrested some days since at Smithfield, charged with having robbed the Great Western Mail on the 26th ult., on the road between Wheeling and Frederick, has been brought on to Baltimore and is now confined in jail, awaiting further investigations.

☞ A requisition has been made by Gov. King upon Gov. Hubbard, of New Hampshire, for the surrender of Thomas W. Dorr, charged with treason against Rhode Island, and a fugitive from justice. Gov. Hubbard refused to comply with the requisition.

☞ It is stated that the Government of Canada, with the approbation of Queen Victoria, intends to grant an unqualified amnesty to all persons who were concerned in the recent frontier disturbances and insurrections, without any exceptions.

☞ The steam frigate Gomer, now at New York, has an apparatus for distilling water, which produces an abundant supply. Nearly all the French merchant ships now carry an apparatus for distilling all the water they need.

☞ Orders from Washington were received at the armory at Springfield, (Mass.) directing a general discharge of the workmen, for the ostensible reason that there is no money to pay for a continuance of the work.

☞ The New York Courier says:—"So many emigrants have arrived at this port, and the times are so bad here, that we are sorry to say that every English packet takes them back again by the hundreds."

☞ Among the rumors which are afloat is one, that Judge Ellis Lewis, of Lycoming, (Pa.) would be called into the Cabinet, when the expected changes take place after the adjournment.

☞ Mr. Forward, the Secretary of the Treasury, was in Pittsburg at the latest accounts. It is doubted by some whether he will ever return to Washington, as Secretary of the Treasury.

☞ We learn from a Montreal paper, that there are more than 3000 youths in that city, pledged to total abstinence from ardent spirits.

☞ The crop of hemp in Kentucky is said by gentlemen from that state, to be twice as large as ever before.

☞ The income of the Lord Mayor of London, amounts to between £7000 and £8000 per annum.

☞ Snow fell at Quebec on the 1st inst.

Foreign Intelligence.

ARRIVAL OF THE BRITANNIA.

Great Britain—Ireland—Spain—Portugal—Germany—China—Syria—The East—Miscellaneous.

The steamship Britannia arrived at Boston on Friday morning (Aug. 19,) bringing London and Liverpool dates to August 4. The harvests in Great Britain promise to be abundant, and there has been a slight improvement in the manufacturing districts. The Cotton Market has been active—lower qualities of American having improved ⅛d per pound. The political intelligence furnished by the London and Liverpool papers is not of a very interesting character. The Parliamentary proceedings were entirely destitute of interest. The members of both Houses appear to have been more attentive to party contentions, than to the affairs of the people. Two or three attempts had been made in the House of Commons to bring up the Corn-Law question, but all of them failed. Lord Brougham made a long and eloquent speech in favor of a resolution, calling on the government to take into consideration the present state of the slave trade, with a view to its entire suppression. We give below a digest of the intelligence from the different quarters.

Great Britain.

On the 28th ult. London and its vicinity were visited by a most destructive thunder storm, which did great damage. The steeple of St. Martin's Church was shattered, and other public buildings were severely injured.

Parliament was to be prorogued about the 10th by the Queen in person. The topics of debate have little interest this side of the Atlantic. A motion by Mr. Duncombe to address the Queen stating the ministerial measures to have been insufficient in relieving the national distress, was lost—91 to 147. In the House of Commons, in reply to a question asked by Mr. Cobden, relative to two steam vessels fitting out at Blackwall for the service of Mexico, to be employed against Texas, Sir Robert Peel said that those vessels, the Montezuma and another, were to be at the disposal of the Government of Mexico, but strict orders had been issued that all means should be taken by this country to preserve a strict neutrality.

Great difficulty is experienced in England in collecting taxes, poor rates, &c. In the parish of Stroud alone, upwards of 559 rates were returned as not collectable, and this is but a fair sample of many other places.

Ireland.

A good deal of excitement had been produced at Thornfield, near Ballygar, Ireland, by the discovery of a murder committed some ten years ago, by a man who has since occupied a highly respectable station in society. The symptoms of discontent had by no means ceased; and the strong measures of the government in bringing rioters to punishment seemed to avail nothing. The examination of persons connected with the late riots at Ennis, had developed many curious facts in regard to "Ribandism" in Ireland. It appears that the Riband Society had a regular scale of pass-words, suited to every emergency, for escape from officers in case of riots. Thirty-nine indictments for wilful murder have been found against the persons engaged in these riots.

Spain.

Madrid news of the 25th represents the quarrels of the Palace, i. e., between Argulles and the Grand Lady Chamberlain, as not appeased. It was rumored that Argulles had resigned. Rodil's Ministry is not likely to last. The Infante and Infanta have continued to get leave to tarry in Madrid till the end of the month. Great surprise is manifested in the Spanish Capitol by the appointment of the Countess Montejo as lady of honor to the Queen, in the place of Madame Belgida, as the former is said to be notoriously of Carlist principles. The Spanish Government continues to send troops to the Portuguese frontier. Don Francisco and his family were to leave Madrid for St. Sebastians on the 1st inst.

Portugal.

The commercial and slave trade treaties had been received from England, duly ratified. The ratifications had been exchanged, and the treaties were law in both countries. At a council of state, a decree was issued proclaiming the slave trade piracy, it having been notified that on this decree being promulgated a bill will be brought into the British Parliament, associating England and Portugal in an alliance for the suppression of the slave trade. The Duke of Palmella had declined accepting the portfolio of foreign affairs.

Germany.

The letters from Stuttgardt announce the attendance of the diplomatic representatives of England, France, and America, with the other subordinate ambassadors of neighboring states, who are alluded to as watching, with great vigilance, the consideration of the subject of duties on the diet. The presence of the English Ambassador is stated to be particularly directed to the question of manufactures, while the American Minister promises mutual advantages, should the duty on tobacco and rice be lowered. The French Ambassador has made no proposition respecting a treaty of commerce, and it was supposed he had received orders to wait the result of the elections. A letter from Frankfort-on-the-Oder, dated the 21st ult., states that the fair of St. Magnint, which had just concluded, was well supplied with goods, but almost exclusively from the States forming the German Union, which met with a ready sale, but at rather reduced prices. A letter from Berlin, 21st ult., in the German Journal of Frankfort, says:—"The city of Hamburgh has just contracted, through the house of Rothschild and other bankers, a loan of 32,000,000 of crowns, at ninety-three rix dollars, with interest at three and a half per cent. This sum has been placed at the disposal of the Senate, and is destined to the rebuilding of the houses which were destroyed."

China.

China news to the 12th of April, and Singapore journals to the 5th of May have been received. It was said that Yang, an imperial commissioner, was en route to offer 40,000,000 dollars to the British for the expenses of the war, and the surrendered opium; also the cession of Hong Kong as the price of peace. The Chinese had already commenced removing the ruins of the rubbish preparatory to rebuilding the Bogue forts. Some fighting had taken place at Ningpo, in which 1100 British routed 6000 Chinese, with the loss of 5 to 700 slain. The British had 3 killed and 40 wounded.

The Agra Ukbar, of June 4, says that it was reported that an army of observation would be assembled at Allahabad in the ensuing cold season.

Among the items of intelligence from Scinde, and which may be depended upon as authentic, is an announcement that a large army, said to be 25,000 strong, is advancing from Mushed to Herat, and that very suspicious conferences are being held at Hydrabad, between the Ameers and others, requiring the most vigilant attention of Major Outram. News is received from Jallalabad to the 29th of May. Akbar Khan had demanded 10,000 rupees for General Elphinstone's remains. The Delhi Gazette of the 14th of May mentions that they had been interred, on the 30th of April, within the walls of Jellalabad. Akbar Khan claims that Dost Mahomed be sent back, and that we evacuate the country, leaving an agent at Cabul in exchange for the English captives. The army, it was thought, would not leave the place until they moved to Cabul, there to meet General Nott, from Candahar. The Khyber Pass was being re-occupied by the Afreedes, and the whole road to Cabul stockaded and defended by all the obstructions the enemy could oppose. Captain Mackenzie had returned to Jellalabad on the 9th of May from Lughman, with terms for the release of the prisoners. General Sale's victory over Akbar Khan had struck such terror into the minds of the people that it was thought our troops might have moved on to the capital without resistance, had not the force been deficient in every requisite for so large an army. A letter from Saugor of the 26th of May announces the Booddlehahs to have fled into the territory of Sciendia. Everything remains *in statu quo*. Half the Candahar force had moved out to re-inforce Kelat Gilzie, and make a demonstration on Ghyanee. General England crossed the Kojue Kathul on the 2d May, with the loss of only four men wounded. Instructions had been given on the 14th of May from the Adjutant-general's office to withdraw the troops serving west of the Indus within the British provinces.

Syria.

The state of things in Syria is such as threatens to involve the Porte in a war with the European powers—a war which must result in the final and entire subversion of the Ottoman government. The Porte appears determined not to accede to the demands of the great European powers for a government to Syria which shall insure protection to the Christians of Mount Lebanon against the persecutions of the Druses. One of the members of the Turkish divan is said to have told the British and French ministers plainly, that if they did not like the Ottoman mode of governing Syria, they might take it and govern it for themselves—a hint which the great European powers will not be slow to act upon, as soon as they can come to some agreement relative to an equitable division of the spoils among themselves. Meantime, the Christians of Anti-Libanus are suffering every thing from the mountaineers, whose object appears to be to drive them from a state of passive submission into a war which they well know will be one of extermination. Almost daily accounts reach Beyrout of some new outrage upon the Syrian Christians, who appear to have given up all hope of the protection so often promised by the Turkish government, and to depend on France and England to right their many and grievous wrongs. No less than twelve sheiks, all of them related to the family of Shabab, had sought refuge on board British vessels, where they found full protection. Most of these Christian sheiks who remained had been arrested, under pretext of conspiracy against the government, and it was thought would be severely dealt with. The catholic patriarch of Lebanon had fortified himself, and his numerous followers were determined to defend him to the last, both against the Turks and Druses.

The East.

Private letters from Constantinople of the 13th ult. announce that the Shah of Persia is making preparations for a war against Turkey, and that a Persian army is to march against Bagdad, and another against Erzerem. Troops had already marched from Teheran to Amedan on their way to Bagdad. For some time past there have been afloat rumors of war on the Persian frontier, but it was expected they would, as usual, end in smoke. It would appear, however, that matters have become serious. Mahmoud Pacha, who was formerly governor of his native place, Busra, and who remained for some years in disgrace at Constantinople, lately fled to Persia, where he offered his services to the Shah, who gave him the command of an armed force and sent him to invade Turkey in the neighborhood of Suleymanieh. He passed the frontier in hostile array, but was soon met by Indjee Bairakdarokdaroglu Mehmed Pacha, who was sent by the Pacha of Bagdad at the head of 4,000 troops. A fierce attack immediately followed; the Turks were completely triumphant, and such of the Persians as escaped the sword fled to Persia again.

Miscellaneous.

The treaty of commerce between Belgium and France has been concluded. Belgian linen and thread are to be still admitted into France on the existing duties, but British articles of that kind are not to be imported into Belgium, except on payment of the duties set forth in the French tariff. Belgium is to reduce the duties on French wines one-third. The navigation Act is moreover to be altered so as to give to French salt the advantage on that produced or manufactured in England.

The harvests have generally come in finely, all over Europe. There are some complaints of the drought in the south of France, and in some portions of England and Ireland; but the aggregate crops all over Europe, it is said, will average one quarter beyond any previous year within the memory of the *oldest inhabitants*.

The wine trade in the south of Europe is in the lowest possible state of depression. This is attributed to three causes—the stagnation of business generally, the abundance of the vintage, and the diminished demand for export, induced by the spread of temperance and the manufacture of imitation wines.

The Greenland whale fishery, as far as the British vessels are concerned, has been again a decided failure, and the owners of the whalers belonging to Peterhead have determined to employ them hereafter in some other enterprise. The foreign vessels were also unsuccessful.

Great anxiety appears to be felt by the Jews throughout Europe, on account of the legislative measures announced as forthcoming at Berlin in regard to their affairs. The Jews have learned to distrust all special legislation relative to their own concerns.

A greater number of fashionably attired scamps, known as the "London swell mob," are prowling about the country towns in England, than were ever known before. They are driven out of London by the hard times, and are generally very closely watched.

The operative masons at Glasgow persevered in their strike for higher wages, until their places were principally supplied from the other towns. The distress among the poorer families, is said to be past description.

The German papers are filled with accounts of hail-storms, which appear to have been severe beyond precedent. Hail stones as large as hen's eggs fell in the neighborhood of Leipsic, on the 25th.

The quantity of silver, in coin and bullion, imported into England from South America, has been greater the past year than on any previous year since the separation of the colonies from Spain.

Nearly one half the people in the island of Harris, one of the Hebrides, were preparing at the last accounts to embark for America. Emigration appears to be the order of the day.

The Russian army under Gen. Grabbe have been defeated by the Circassians, with a loss to the former of 1500 men and 25 officers. The Russian artillery was, however, saved.

The number of persons confined in the London prisons is unusually large. In the Coldbath-fields prison alone there are upwards of 100 confined for various offences.

The British Parliament proposes to give £30,000 from the Exchequer for the education of the people, and £70,000 for the maintenance of the royal stable!

The death of Admiral Taylor, one of the oldest flag officers in the service, took place at his residence at Greenwich, on Tuesday week, in his 82d year.

The commercial treaty between Great Britain and Portugal, has been finally arranged, and upon terms highly advantageous to both.

The Wesleyan Conference, at London, have elected Dr. Hannah president of the year, and Robert Newton, secretary.

SUGAR FROM INDIAN CORN.

We called the attention of our readers, last year, to this subject; and since then it has been growing in interest. Mr. William Webb, the gentleman to whom we then alluded as having manufactured sugar from corn stalks, has this year renewed his experiments, of which we find an interesting account in the Farmer's Cabinet. It was on Mr. Webb's farm that the experiments were made, which were the basis of Mr. Ellsworth's Report setting forth the advantages of prosecuting this branch of agriculture. We give an extract.

"We have been favored with a visit to the farm of Mr. Benjamin Webb, near Wilmington, and have examined the acre of corn which his son, Mr. William Webb, is cultivating for the purpose of making sugar from the stalks the present season. The rows are two and a half feet apart, and the plants not more than an inch or two distant in the rows; the seed was drilled with a machine of his own invention, and has produced a crop of unprecedented vigor and uniformity. The yield is enormous, and so far as present appearances can warrant the conjecture, is expected to yield a quantity of sugar equal to Mr. Webb's calculation, namely, 1000 pounds per acre. The ears of corn are now in progress of extraction, and the fact is proved, that this part of the process can be performed to profit, the worth of the ear and leaf attached being of more value than the labor required. Owing to close planting, perhaps, there is not more than one stalk in forty or fifty, which exhibits signs of fruiting—whether they will be equally productive in the saccharine principle as those more perfect in their formation, is a question which Mr. Webb's indefatigable spirit for research is destined to solve. The stalks are already full of sap, and some of them are showing signs of maturity; the juice from these is vinous and peculiarly agreeable to the taste, and there is no doubt that it might be made, in its present incipient state, to yield a wine for present purpose, far superior to any that could be made from grape in this climate. It would appear, therefore, that the question in future will be—not what else can be made from the "universal corn-crop," but what else *cannot* be made from it! As we heard one observe the other day, "Why, 'tis meat, drink and clothing, lodging, washing and mending! Affecting one's life, character and behavior—our prospects and happiness in this life, and fitting us for that which is to come, by engendering a universal spirit of industry and improvement throughout the length and breadth of the land." Mr. Webb deserves the thanks of the community for his untiring zeal in the cause.

OHIO IN TROUBLE.

We have noticed, in our political intelligence, the passage of an apportionment bill by the Ohio House of Representatives, which bill gave dissatisfaction to the Whigs. The members of that party, in the Ohio Legislature, have in consequence resigned, leaving both Senate and House without a quorum. The Legislature was engaged in the consideration of a bill regulating the Congressional district of the State, which bill passed to engrossment in the House on the evening of the 10th inst., and at the request of the Whig members for a day's postponement, its passage was deferred till next day. The next morning when the bill came up, in regular order, twenty-eight Whig members resigned, leaving the House without a quorum. The Senate was then in session, and the word went up from the House, and in the midst of the morning business, thirteen members of the Senate resigned, *leaving that body also without a quorum.* The reason assigned for this act is that the bill dividing the State into Congressional districts, gave the Democrats too large a majority of the districts. The Democrats would have by it eleven members, the Whigs six—four doubtful. The effect of the dissolution of the Legislature is to undo all the measures which have been before the present extra session. The appraisement law, which requires personal property to bring two-thirds of its value before it can be sold, and which had passed both Houses, cannot have its provisions enforced because it had not received the Governor's signature before the dissolution. The contractors and laborers on the public works are left without any provision for their payment. The bill for their relief had passed through the hands of the Finance Committee, but had been reported back and laid on the table. A public meeting was immediately held in Columbus, and strong denunciatory resolutions passed. The Legislature assembled on the 12th inst., and the Speakers of the two Houses recommended to the members each one to adjourn himself if he chose, and wait for a remedy to be applied by the people at the next October election. It appears by the Constitution of that State, neither House can adjourn for more than two days without the consent of the other. The seceding members would not obey the command of the Sergeant at Arms to assemble, and accordingly the Legislature was compelled to adjourn and leave it to a future Legislature to determine which party will be sustained.

ELECTIONS.

The returns of the August elections come slowly in. We give them so far as received.

Kentucky.—All the counties in the State, except two, are heard from. The lower House of the Legislature will probably be composed of 58 Whigs, and 40 Democrats. The Whigs will have about 30 majority on joint ballot.

North Carolina.—The Raleigh Register, of the 19th inst., has complete returns from all the counties in the State, as to the result of the election of members of the [illegible]

[illegible]

Local Intelligence.

[illegible]

Latest Fashions.

[illegible]

News from Congress.

[illegible]

The Markets.

Sales of Stocks.

[illegible]

Retail Prices in Market.

[illegible]

Cattle Markets.

[illegible]

Philadelphia Market.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

[illegible]

Married.

[illegible]

Died.

[illegible]

Lever's New Novel.

OUR MESS.

By Jack Hinton, the Guardsman.

CHAPTER XXXIV.
THE MORTIMER TWINS.

On the whole, the journey to the west a delightful one, and certainly not the least pleasant portion of my life in Ireland. Endowed—partly with his individual gifts, partly from the nature of a sacred functionary with an influence over all the humble ranks in life, the good priest jogged along with the assurance of a beauty welcome wherever he pleased to halt, the only look of disappointment being when he declined some proffered civility or refused an invitation to delay his journey. The chariot was well known in every town and village, and scarcely was the crackle of its wheels heard coming up the "Avenue," when the population might be seen assembling in little groups and knots, to have a word with "the father"—to get his blessing—to catch his eye, or even obtain a nod from him. He knew every one and every thing, with a tact which is believed to be the prerogative of royalty; he never miscalled a name, nor mistook an event. Inquiries for them, for soul and body, he entered with real interest into all their hopes and plans, their fears and anticipations, and indeed were almost their pensioner, purgatory, and poltroon, in a way that showed his information, on any of those matters, to be of no mean or common order.

By degrees, our way left the more traveled roads, and led back by a mountain path, through a wild romantic line of country beside the river Shannon. No villages now presented themselves, and, shielded by the fastness of any habitation whatever; large misshapen mountains, whose granite sides were scarce concealed by the field furze, the only vegetation that clothed them, rose around and above us. In the valley, a single strip of bog might be seen with little hillocks of newly-cut turf, the only symbols of man's work, the eye could rest on, where there was none. A dreary silence, too, reigned throughout. I fancied, as I rode by the bleating of a lamb, or the solitary tinkle of a sheep-bell; but no—save the cawing of the rooks, on the mountain cry of the plover, I could hear nothing. Now and then, it is true, the heavy flapping of a strong wing would pass the crown of my hat, as a soaring towards the river, but his low flight even spoke of solitude, and showed he feared not man, as his wild and dreary mountain. At intervals we could see the Shannon winding along, far, far down below us, and I could mark the islands in the bay of Scariff, with their ruined churches and round towers; but no life could we see on the surface, nor did we ever break the sluggish current of the stream. It was, indeed, a dreary scene, and I could not help thinking, as every sense around colored by its influence, for scarcely had he entered the little valley that led to this romantic spot, when, then, he became silent and thoughtful, absorbed in reflection, and when he spoke, either doing so at random, or in a vague and distant way, that showed his ideas were wandering.

I remember that, as we passed at a little forge early after day-break, the crash had taken the priest aside and whispered to him a few words, at which he seemed strangely moved; and as they spoke together for some moments in an under tone, I perceived by the sign of the face, as well as by the agitation of the father himself, that something of importance was being said. I was about wanting to finish the pipe in the carriage which had caught my halt, to accomplish hastily, and without leaving me to take my place, drove on at a pace that spoke of haste and eagerness, and I could, like my curiosity to know the reason was great, but as I could not with propriety ask, nor yet by companion make mention of it for the information, I soon relapsed into a silence unbroken on his own, and we traveled along for some miles without speaking. Now and then the priest would make an effort to relieve the tension of the story he seemed to have upon the scenery, or some allusion to the well grandeur of the pass; but it was plain he could by no effort command attention, and that his mind was occupied on other and very different thoughts. It was now wearing late, and per no trace of any house or habitation could I discern, where to rest for the night. Not wishing, however, to interrupt the current of my friend's thoughts, I maintained at first a reason, steering my eyes on every side, from the dark mountains that towered above me, to the narrow glen or valley that lay several hundred feet beneath our track—but all in vain. The offense was undeniable, as the old road, not even a smoke-wreath, could be seen for as the view extended.

The road by which we traveled was scarped from the side of a mountain, and for some miles pursued a gradually descending course. On suddenly turning the angle of a rocky wall that skirted us for above a mile, we came in sight of a long reach of the Shannon upon which the sun was now setting in all its golden splendor. The distant shore of Munster, rich in tillage and pasture-land, was lit up, too, with cool and delicious light, and the wood and blue mountains, all glowing in their brightest hue. It was a wild and a gorgeous picture, and I could have looked on it long with pleasure, when suddenly I felt my arm grasped in a strong grip. I turned round, and the priest, raising his hand, pointed down into the dark valley below us to be said in a low and earnest voice—"You see the light—it is there—there." Quickening our pace by every effort, we began rapidly to descend the mountain by a zig-zag road, whose windings were lost us to the view I have mentioned, and left nothing but the wild and barren mountain-side around. Timed as our pace horse was, the priest pressed him forward, and, regardless of the broken road, seemed to be resolved to think of nothing but his haste, muttering between his teeth with a low but rapid articulation, which his face grew flushed and pale at intervals, and his eye had all the intense glare and restless look of fever. I endeavored, as well as I was able, to occupy my mind with other thoughts, but with that irresistible fascination that turns an eye to the side we try to shun, I found myself again and again gazing on my companion's countenance. Every moment now his agitation increased, his lips were firmly closed, his brow contracted, his cheek flattened, and quivering with a nervous spasm, while his hand trembled violently as he wiped the big drops of sweat that rolled in agony from his forehead.

At last we reached the level, where a horse road pre sented itself before us, and enabled us to increase our speed; then we were rapidly coming up with the light, which, as the evening closed in, seemed larger and brighter than before. It was now that horse after horse-laden seems falling into sight, a gray somber darkness coloring every object, but not veiling grass and rock, the pathway and river with your seeming of their number; here, so that as we came along I could make out the roof and walls of a rural cabin built against the very mountain side, in the gable of which the light was placed.

A rapid, a momentary thought flashed across my mind as to what dreary and solitary spot could fix its dwelling-place to such a spot as this, when in an instant the priest violently pulled up the horse, and, stretching out one hand with a gesture of intense, whispered—"Hush! —hist! you not hear that?—As he spoke, a cry, wild and fearful, rose through the glorious valley—first in one prolonged and swelling note, then broken as if by sobs, it labored, rent, and now upsingultor and naught, and then echoing up the fearful sounds, renewed and repeated them with such a chorus of unearthly accents were calling to each other through the air.

"Oh, God! it is the—the—late," said the priest, as he loosed his face upon his knees, and his strong frame shook in agony. "Oh Father of mercy," he cried, as he lifted his eyes, bloodshot and tearful, toward heaven, "forgive me this—and if comforters before them—Another cry, more frantic than before, here burst upon us and the priest, starting with rapid utterance, appeared lost to power. But as him I looked no longer, for straight before us on the road, and in front of the little cabin, now not above thirty paces from us, knelt the figure of a woman, whose, even if not from the beating sounds we had heard, one could scarce believe a thing of life: her age not more than thirty years, she was pale as death; not a tinge, not a ray of color streaked her bloodless cheek, her hands free, long and wild, fell from her back and shoulders, straggling and disordered; her head was bent over the body that her widowed arms supported before her. Her dress bespoke the meanest poverty, and her scant clothes and dowse in her tattered misery and starvation. As I gazed on her almost breathless with awe and dread, the priest leaped out, and hurried forward, called out to her in loud, but she heard him not, nor saw him nor—nothing to every sense, she remained still and motionless. At length, however, as the man shook; she knelt before us the image of stone; and then, as if by some spell were broken between her and more gave forth the heart-rending cry we heard at first. Now, low and plaintive, like the wailing, wild, of the rose fuller and fuller, pausing and continuing at intervals, and then bursting into shrill and fitful effort, more wilder and stronger, till, at last, with one outbreak, like the overflowing of a burst of misery, it ceased altogether.

The priest bent over her and spoke to her: he called her by her name, and shook her severely, but all was in vain. Her spirit, if indeed present with the body, had fled off, unable with things of earth.

"God help her," said he; "God comfort her. This is more affliction."

As he spoke he walked towards the little cabin, the door of which stood open. All was silent—not a sound within its walls. I turned to see the dwellings of the poor in Ireland, are one amongst over the bare walls, the mud and earthen floor, the few and miserable pieces of furniture, when suddenly my attention was called to a ladder and a sudden spectacle. In one corner of the hovel, stretched upon a pallet of straw, a young man lay dead, the smoothly of a day's lie in, lay the figure of a large and powerfully-built one, about five feet. His eyes were closed, and the chin bound up with a white cloth, and a sheet, torn and ragged, extended above the cold limbs, while on either side of him two candles were burning. His features, though rigid and stiffened, were manly and even handsome; the bold character of the face heightened in effect by the beard and moustache, which appeared to have been let grow for some time previous, and that the cloth and waving curl looked darker, from the pallor around it. Some time there were about the mourner that looked like loneliness and severity, but the struggle of departing life might have caused this.

Gently withdrawing my thoughts from the scene, the priest placed himself at the head of the bed, and began to pray. It was evident to me from his manner, that he still retained him living, and as he folded his hands, crossing to let fall his head, muttering, he fell back for an instant, and as he moved his fingers backwards and forwards I saw that they were covered with blood. I drew near, and now perceived that the dead man's chest was laid open by a wound of several inches in extent. The rule had ceased, and the blood was clotted on the hair of long wound to protrude. At the slightest touch of the body the blood gushed forth anew, and ran in streams upon him. His right hand, too, was across the entire palm—the wound most severed at the point. This appeared to have been rudely bound together; but it was evident, from the manner and the size of the other wound, that he could not have survived it many hours.

As I looked in horror at the frightful spectacle before me, my first attack at examining beneath the bed. I stooped down to examine, and found it was a carbine, such as dragoons usually carry. It was broken at the stock and bruised in many places, but still seemed not serviceable. Part of the lock-and was also stained with blood. The clothes of the dead man, clotted and stained with gore, were also there, adding, by their tattered appearance, to the evidence that he had fallen in every thing confessed it,—murder and crime had been there. Low, muttering sound now made me turn my eyes on the priest, who, kneeling beside the bed, was engaged in prayer. His head was bare, and he wore a kind of scarf of fine silk, and the small cone of consecration the last time of his church was placed at his feet.

I apparently to all around, save the figure of the man that lay dead before him, he muttered, with consummate rapidity, prayer after prayer, stopping, ever and anon, to place his hand on the cold head, or listen, with his ear upon the livid lips; and then suddenly, with a fervent eagerness, while the big drops rolled from his forehead, and the sprinkling tones of his voice betrayed his emotion—

"Oh God!" he exclaimed, after a prayer of some minutes, in which his features worked like one in a fit of epilepsy,—"Oh God, is it then true is this?"

He started to his feet as he spoke, and bending over the corpse, with breathless attention, laid his head, he poured forth a whole torrent of words in Irish, swaying his body backwards and forwards, as his voice, becoming broken by emotion, now sunk into a whisper, or broke into its former shout—now—"Shane," "Shane," as he drew his long down to the ground he scratched up the little crucifix and held it before the face, and, much for the same time he shook him violently by the shoulders, and cried, in accents of agony, "Shane—Shane—Shane," the echoes which alone I could complain, one-word—Then, the Irish he used for God. He shook him till the head rocked backwards from side, and the hands moved from the opening wound, and stained the ragged covering of the shirt. At this instant the priest stopped suddenly, and fell upon his knees, while, with a low, faint sigh, he who seemed dead lifted his eyes and looked around him. He then grasped the sides of the bed, and, with a strength that none of himself, and he raised himself to the sitting posture. His lips were parted and moved, but without a sound; his eyes were fixed, and seemed to look upon from one object to another, till, at length, they fell upon the little crucifix that the priest had placed upon the bed. In an instant the expression of his features changed, and, with a convulsive effort, he seized it from his eyes—the head nodded forward a couple of inches, and, with a deep sigh, passed a few bloody bubbles from the open mouth, and, a moment after, the head fell back with a crash, never to move more.

Overcome with horror, I staggered from the door, and each upon a little bench in front of the cabin. The cool air of the night was refreshing to the feelings of my own confused state, I wondered if the whole might not be some dreadful dream, but my eyes every now and then, the figure of the woman, who still knelt in the attitude we had first seen her. Her long hair was clasped from time to time her wild cry rose into the air, and the echoes of that silent valley. For a long time I could not collect my thoughts sufficiently to reason upon what had occurred, or to form any plan for my future guidance. My head was burning, and my pulse throbbed violently. I was conscious that I had been exposed to the night air, and that I was in a state of fever and incipient delirium. I remember, however, that I arose from the bench, and, with a vague and distracted purpose, entered the little cabin; but all was as before, nothing changed, and when, prompted by curiosity, I looked closely into the bed, I saw the priest still kneeling beside the bed, his face pale, and stark, and haggard, as the features of the dead man, on the pale as the party near him.

I dared not speak—I dared not disturb him, and I sank down near the door in silence.

Even in the most unusual anomalies of our nature, that the feelings which rend our hearts with agony have a power, by the mere influence of time, to lull us to repose. The watcher by the bed-side of his dying friend—the mother by the cradle of her child, have both experienced sleep soundly. The Bitterness of grief would seem to limit sensation, and the mind, like the body, can only sustain a certain amount of burden, after which it sinks beneath the weight. Such was the case with me. Fever and anguish, with every thing to excite that can be imagined, had preceded the most unusual excitement and sensitive by grief—the dead man as it were recalled to life, and the priest would make an effort to relieve the horror of the story he seemed to have upon the scenery, or some allusion to the well grandeur of the pass; but it was plain he could by no effort command attention, and that his mind was occupied on other and very different thoughts. It was now wearing late, and per no trace of any house or habitation could I discern, where to rest for the night. Not wishing, however, to interrupt the current of my friend's thoughts, I maintained at first a reason, steering my eyes on every side, from the dark mountains that towered above me, to the narrow glen or valley that lay several hundred feet beneath our track—but all in vain. The offense was undeniable, as the old road, not even a smoke-wreath, could be seen for as the view extended.

The road by which we traveled was scarped from the side of a mountain, and for some miles pursued a gradually descending course. On suddenly turning the angle of a rocky wall that skirted us for above a mile, we came in sight of a long reach of the Shannon upon which the sun was now setting in all its golden splendor. The distant shore of Munster, rich in tillage and pasture-land, was lit up, too, with cool and delicious light, and the wood and blue mountains, all glowing in their brightest hue. It was a wild and a gorgeous picture, and I could have looked on it long with pleasure, when suddenly I felt my arm grasped in a strong grip. I turned round, and the priest, raising his hand, pointed down into the dark valley below us to be said in a low and earnest voice—"You see the light—it is there—there." Quickening our pace by every effort, we began rapidly to descend the mountain by a zig-zag road, whose windings were lost us to the view I have mentioned, and left nothing but the wild and barren mountain-side around. Timed as our pace horse was, the priest pressed him forward, and, regardless of the broken road seemed to be resolved to think of nothing but his haste, muttering between his teeth with a low but rapid articulation, which his face grew flushed and pale at intervals, and his eye had all the intense glare and restless look of fever. I endeavored, as well as I was able, to occupy my mind with other thoughts, but with that irresistible fascination that turns an eye to the side we try to shun, I found myself again and again gazing on my companion's countenance. Every moment now his agitation increased, his lips were firmly closed, his brow contracted, his cheek flattened, and quivering with a nervous spasm, while his hand trembled violently as he wiped the big drops of sweat that rolled in agony from his forehead.

At last we reached the level, where a horse road pres